

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.
[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 46—No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL, CRYSTAL PALACE.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—This, the most magnificent and imposing musical display ever witnessed, and comprising nearly FOUR THOUSAND most carefully selected and well-rehearsed PERFORMERS, on far by the GRANDEST ORCHESTRA in the WORLD, being in clear width double the diameter of the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, will be held as follows:—

FULL REHEARSAL, FRIDAY, 12th June. | **SELECTION, WEDNESDAY, 17th June—**
"MESSIAH," MONDAY, 15th June. | **"ISRAEL," FRIDAY, 19th June.**

Tickets will be delivered in exchange for vouchers on and after 10 a.m., Monday next, 20th April, at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall, where also Plans of Seats may be inspected and Programme obtained.

The Programme may also be obtained at the various agencies of the South Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Railways; abroad, at Gallièn's, Paris; at M. Bötticher's, Piazza di Spagna, Rome; and of Mr. Goodwin, Florence.

The price of STALLS for the Festival is 2s. single ticket, or Three Guineas the set for the three days; or 2s. single, and Two and Half Guineas the set. For UNNUMBERED RESERVED SEATS 7s. 6d. single, or One Guinea the set, including admission. For the Rehearsal Day the STALLS are issued at 10s. 6d. and 5s. each, exclusive of admission, which will be by 6s. Ticket, or by Season Ticket.

Remittances must be payable to George Grove. Great facilities will be offered by the various Railway Companies by Excursions at low rates, including admission, for the Rehearsal Day, with Return Tickets extending over the Festival, for which particulars will be found in each Company's Time Book, published on 1st June.

BY ORDER.

15th April, 1868.

NOTE.—The Festival Committee having in view the disappointment experienced at every former Festival by the inability to procure good seats at a late period except at charges very far above the original price at which they were issued, can only advise immediate application. Eligible positions are still on sale at the Palace and Exeter Hall Offices, but they must be secured without delay.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, April 24th, HANDEL'S "DETTINGEN TE DEUM" and MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE." Subscription Concert.

Principal Vocalists—Mdle. Carola, Miss Vinta, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. Tickets, 5s.; and Stalls, 10s. 6d. each; at 6, Exeter Hall.

MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH" will be performed as an EXTRA CONCERT and LAST of the SEASON, on FRIDAY, May 1st.

EXETER HALL.—MENDELSSOHN NIGHT.—WEDNESDAY 29th.—"WALPURGIS NIGHT" and "HYMN OF PRAISE." NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. 700 performers. Tickets, 2s., 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices, 14 and 15, Exeter Hall.

CONCERTS ANCIENT AND MODERN. Mdlle. TITIENS. May 1st.

CONCERTS ANCIENT AND MODERN. May 1st. Mdlle. SINICO, Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, Signor FOLI, and MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

CONCERTS ANCIENT AND MODERN. ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET.

May 1st, commence at 8 p.m.

PATRONESS—H. R. H. the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.
PRESIDENT—His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

"ALEXANDER'S FEAST," "RUINS OF ATHENS," &c., &c.
Mdlle. TITIENS, Mdlle. SINICO, Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, Signor FOLI, and MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD. Conductor—Herr SCHACHERER. Tickets 10s. 6d.; 7s.; 5s.; 3s.; at Mitchell's, Bond Street; Novello, Ewer & Co., Berners Street; Sam's, St. James's Street; Chappell & Co., Bond Street; and Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall.

By Order,

THOMAS WARD, Sec.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI has the honour to announce that he will give THREE MATINEES MUSICALES, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on THURSDAY, April 30th, May 21st, and June 11th, 1868, to commence at Three o'clock; on which occasions he will play, for the first time in public, various Classical Compositions by S. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Molique, &c., &c., and also some Sacred Selections on the New Baritone Concertina. Artists of eminence will assist, and further particulars will be duly announced. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets (Reserved), a Guinea; Unreserved Tickets, Five Shillings; to be had of Messrs. W. Wheatstone & Co., 20, Conduit Street, Regent Street; and of Mr. Fish, at the Rooms.

MR. AUSTIN'S ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

ON MONDAY EVENING, April 20th, at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists:

MADAME FIORETTI (by permission of F. GYS, Esq.),

Mdlle. SOFIA VINTA, Miss B. GOTTSCHALK,

MISS FANNY HOLLAND, Miss JENNY PRATT,

Signor CAMPPI (by permission of F. GYS, Esq.), Mr. CHAPLIN HENRY,

MR. VERNON RIGBY, and Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Pianoforte—Miss CLINTON FYNES and Mdlle. ANNA MEHLIG.

Conductor - - - MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit four), 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Austin's Office, 23, Piccadilly; and all Musicsellers.

M. R. BARNBY'S CHOIR.—CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 22d, at Eight o'clock. Madrigals and Part-Songs; Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God." Solo Vocalists, Mademoiselle Whytock and Mr. Sims Reeves, who will sing Beethoven's "Lieder-Kreis," &c. Solo Pianoforte, Mr. William Coenen. Accompanist, Mr. Benedict. Conductor, Mr. Barnby. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets (to admit four), £1 1s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be had of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry, E.C.; and of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall.

SIGNOR ARDITI begs to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL ON MONDAY MORNING, May 25th.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET.

MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce that her THIRD PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Series of Six), will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 22nd Inst. Vocalists—Miss Elena Angle and Mr. Frank Elmore. Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. Carrodus; Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets—Single, 6s.; Reserved and Numbered, 7s. To be had at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and of Miss Clinton Fynes, 27, Harley Street.

M. R. HORTON C. ALLISON has the honour to announce that his RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, Harley Street, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 8th, 1868. Solo Violinist, Mr. Sternberg. Vocalist—Mdle. Angelina Salvi. Tickets, 6s.; Three for Half-a-Guinea. To be had of Mr. Horton C. Allison, 206, Marylebone Road; and of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY, Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Enquist, Miss Poole, Miss Sophia Vinta, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Fanny Armitage, the Sisters Doria, Miss Berry-Greening, and Miss Madeline Schiller will appear at **MISS HELEN HOGARTY'S (Mrs. RONEY) ANNUAL CONCERT** at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY MORNING, April 25th. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats 7s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 6s.; Orchestra Seats, 3s. Tickets at the principal Musicsellers, at the Rooms, and of Mrs. Roney, 10, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park.

M. R. SIMS REEVES, Mr. Charles Hallé, Signor Tito Mattioli, Signor Platti, Herr Reichardt, Herr W. Coenen, Mr. Harold Thomas, Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. Wilford Morgan, Mr. F. Cecil (his first appearance), Mr. Arthur Howell, Mr. John Balair Chatterton, Mr. John Thomas, and other eminent artists will appear at **MISS HELEN HOGARTY'S (Mrs. RONEY) ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT** on SATURDAY, April 25th. To commence at half-past Two o'clock. Tickets at the principal music shops, of Mr. Fish at the Rooms, and of Mrs. Roney, 10, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park.

REMOVAL.

M. R. J. WILLIAMS, Music Publisher, begs to announce his REMOVAL from Holborn to

24, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," on Wednesday Evening next, at Kensington.

THREE PIANISTS.

(From the "Sunday Times," April 12.)

The last Monday Popular Concert of the season was remarkable in several respects. Audience, programme, and performers contributed to this result. The first named did so by exhibiting a power of compression far beyond any past experience within the walls of St. James's Hall. We are told that a hundred persons more than ever had succeeded before managed to effect an entrance. In proportion to the cubic space required by that hundred was the noble endurance of the whole. But there was compensation in the music, and, also, in the very fact of making part of such an audience. One likes to be attached to a superlative. Then the programme was remarkable for its length and comprehensiveness. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Meyerbeer, and Molique contributed to it—men of all eras in modern music, and of all styles. Lastly, the performers were remarkable as presenting a combination of talent rarely brought together. Joachim, prince of fiddlers, and Piatti, prince of violoncellists, were there, and with them three pianists who stand by general consent in the very front rank of their profession. It is with these last that we have now to do.

We can imagine circumstances under which three pianists at one concert would be a sore affliction. If all, or some, were bad, for example, or if all were equally good, and in precisely the same respects, we should have reason to dread them, in the one case out of regard for nerves, in the other out of consideration for patience under monotony. Happily the latter can rarely come about. In culture, taste, and execution, artists may be on a level; but their individuality asserts itself in performance, and no two, however equal, can give the same reading of the same thing. Hence there was no monotony at St. James's Hall, when Madame Schumann, Madame Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé appeared together; rather was there an interesting diversity which deserves attention after the event has passed.

Madame Schumann is clearly at the head of the special class of pianists, to which she belongs—a class we may, for distinction's sake, call the inspired. The inspired pianist, being a popular individual, is not a rare phenomenon. The source and nature of his inspiration, however, are sometimes of doubtful genuineness, because, the value of the article being great, it pays him to palm off a sham upon the unwary. The trick usually succeeds, since the unwary are numerous and the outward and visible signs of inspiration are easily assumed. He gulls the public to a wonderful extent and with marvellous ease. His *modus operandi* is as simple as the apparatus with which David brought down Goliath. Just as the youthful Israelite needed only a sling and a stone, so the inspired pianist requires only absorption and gesticulation. By help of a mirror the former can soon be acquired, and the countenance be made to assume a rapt and ecstatic expression. The latter is even more easy to work up. Let there be sufficient swaying to and fro, sufficient wrestling with the instrument after the fashion of a musical Samson Agonistes, and a sufficiently "high action" upon the keys, and the thing is done. Then the public say "See what expression! what intellect! what execution!"—although, it may be, the floor round about the performer is littered with dropped notes. Of the school to which this sham artist attaches himself Madame Schumann is chief, not from choice, as in his case, but because she cannot help it, which is both a distinction and a material difference. She is a real artist, and a great one, but with an ill-balanced constitution. Her sympathy with the work to be done is intense, it is, also, unrestrained. Hence that labouring style, that want of repose, and the impression she makes of always working at the top of her power. It is not so much an excess of sympathy that causes this as a want of check action by which to control its manifestation. The result is to impress the undiscerning public; but familiarity with it brings disquiet. One cannot always admire the rush and roar of a cyclone. In a little while the peaceful centre of gyration becomes a blessed relief. Madame Schumann's most salient peculiarity is, therefore, of little real advantage. In point of fact, it is a formidable disqualification for certain work. The fact that she plays best the music of her late husband may arise in part from other causes than a natural devotion to his memory. The predominant style of that music suits her genius, as do, to a less extent, the more passionate and dramatic compositions of other masters by the interpretation of which she has gained

renown. But she cannot understand their gentler moods. Engaged upon a quiet and reposeful movement, Madame Schumann engenders uncomfortableness such as would arise from seeing Pegasus in harness, or the safety valve of a high pressure engine sat upon. In some respects her prevailing characteristic works ill. It is opposed to finish, to accuracy, and to that power of expression which comprehends all a composer's ideas. But, on the other hand, give her a congenial work, and there is something magnificent in Madame Schumann's impetuosity. Her performance of the C minor *allegro molto vivace*, in Beethoven's *Sonata quasi una Fantasia* in E flat (Op. 27), has all the grandeur and a good deal of the noise of an avalanche.

Our countrywoman, Madame Goddard, is in marked contrast to Madame Schumann as regards manner. The eye is conscious of no demonstrated inspiration in her case. She sets to work calm and equable, with an apparently perfect self-possession. There is no excess of sympathy, neither is there any lack of it; just as in her playing force is never unpleasantly prominent and never absent when wanted. In fact Madame Goddard at the piano is the impersonation of quiet strength. Either nature or art, or both combined, have enabled her to regulate the outflow of her feeling with the greatest nicety. She is like a Nasmyth's hammer, which can crack a nut, without injuring the kernel, one minute, and, if need be, smash a blacksmith's anvil the next. Listening to her, as she plays some delicate *Lied* of Mendelssohn's, and noting the finely graduated tones, the featherly touch and the easy gentleness with which the work is done, it is difficult to recognize the artist who, preserving the same calmness of manner, can thunder out the *chorale* in Mendelssohn's E minor *Fugue* with all requisite power and majesty of style. She realizes the idea of a hand of iron in a velvet glove. Her touch can be gentle as the alighting of a butterfly, it can also be firm as the footfall of a giant. But, this well-balanced temperament and nicely-regulated action are not our countrywoman's only merits. Her ability is many sided, and enables her to be equally at home with whatever she has to do. From a showy fantasia up to Beethoven's stupendous B flat sonata (Op. 106)—this is to say, over the entire range of pianoforte music—she walks with assured tread. This is a great as well as a true thing to say, but almost as great, and certainly as true, is the remark that Madame Goddard never stoops to artifice to catch the plaudits of those upon whom it is easy to impose. She presents her audience with the music of the chosen master in all faithfulness and simplicity; and if the presentation elicits no thanks, so much the worse for her audience.

A critic once said that if Madame Schumann is likened to the torrid zone, Mr. Charles Hallé must be compared with the frigid. There is truth in the remark. The latter never stirs the emotions, making the pulse beat quicker with excitement; never feels enthusiasm and, therefore, never communicates any. He simply challenges admiration, of which he must fairly be accorded a good deal. His mechanical precision is like that of a musical box; and the neatness and delicacy of his execution are wonderful to note. He is an artist of independent thought, and does nothing without a reason which satisfies himself. But his unvarying coldness checks the great results which such qualities might produce. He has the air of an anatomical demonstrator, who cuts up the "human form divine," unmoved by the nature of his "subject." He always seems to be engaged upon details, unmindful of the grand whole, while not unfrequently he appears to see no more of his work at a time than what comes within the field of a microscope. Hence his habit of minute elaboration, of bringing into undue prominence features which strike his fancy, and the consequent disproportion of the several parts of his work. Yet with all this Mr. Hallé is not an artist the musical public can spare. Under him they can study with coolness and self-possession the masters he plays, feeling sure that not a note is missed nor a passage "scamped."

The conjunction of these three artists at St. James's Hall was one of rare interest, not only because it suggested such observations as the foregoing, but because the inevitable comparisons were not all unfavourable to the representative of "unmusical England."

BRUSSELS.—Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is to be produced very shortly at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.—Herr Joachim and Madame Schumann have been playing at concerts with great success.

[April 18, 1868.]

THE "MESSIAH" AT EXETER HALL.

In Passion-Week we used to shut the theatres and open Exeter Hall, suppressing the drama in favour of the oratorio. I am not sure that the latter gained much by the process. The patrons of the one are a distinct class from the patrons of the other, especially when Handel's *Messiah* is in question. That work has its own public, the members of which are never very likely to find their way inside a playhouse. They are only to a small extent the public of any other oratorio. To the performance of less familiar works musical people go as to a concert proper. To the *Messiah*, above all, in Passion-Week, religious people go as to a devotional meeting, which combines pleasure and piety in an unusual degree. In the latter case, therefore, the Exeter Hall gatherings have some unique features, which it may serve a passing purpose to notice.

An observant lounger about the breezy passages of Exeter Hall on a *Messiah* night may gather several crumbs of information. In the first place he can hardly fail to notice that the oratorio public are a comfortable sort of folk. They come, many of them, in snug broughams or cosy carriages, which bear the stamp of intense and decorous respectability. Even the horses one may fancy to have a church-going air, demeaning themselves as if a caper or a snort would incur all the pains and penalties of "brawling." In keeping with this is the behaviour of what our transatlantic cousins call the "humans." Being early on the spot last Wednesday night, and having nothing else to do, I could not but mark the unvarying staidness of the stream of people which went past with steady flow. There was no excitement, no frivolity, no hurry even. On the contrary that procession, carrying its music in the manner of a prayer-book, and deliberate as a pew-renter who knows his place is sure, moved on gravely and silently to its destination. (I am told, however, that there is as keen a struggle for the "free seats" as if the hall were Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.) As to the dress of the oratorio-goers let me speak carefully. Judging by my light I should call it for the most part in keeping with their demeanour, and by no means of a specially "worldly" fashion. But some of those who knew the Exeter Hall audiences when the Sacred Harmonic Society was young, have, in my hearing, lamented the change which has taken place. Then there was no such thing as "evening dress" at an oratorio. Ladies wore their bonnets, and tail coats were as few and far between as (unclerical) white ties. In point of fact, the religious public set their face like a flint against "worldly attire," and shrank from going abroad dressed as those who patronized balls and plays. Now, however, the line of demarcation is but faint, and when old-fashioned people talk of it they say that many are kept from Exeter Hall on account of the change, and for conscience sake. If this be so, a performance to which bonnets and umbrellas could have admittance might prove a good speculation.

But be this as it may, the place is always crowded with the most imposing audience London can show. Certain peculiarities of that audience are worth noting. One is the anxiety felt about Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Sims Reeves's presence is a prize and his absence a blank. Hence, in addition to the oratorio, the Exeter Hall folk enjoy all the excitement of a lottery. They make inquiries of a speculative character in the lobbies as to the chances of the singer's appearance (of course the "state of the market" is never quoted under the head of "latest betting"), they look anxiously along the benches inside for the ominous slip of paper, and, not seeing it, watch the orchestra entrance nearest Mr. Reeves's seat with nervous eagerness. Only when they have fairly got him before them do the people settle down to the work at which they have come to assist. Their mode of assisting is varied but, for the most part, earnest. Books of the music are everywhere, the rustling of the leaves in passing over an omitted "number" suggesting that moment in church when everybody finds the text. The singers are followed conscientiously, if not always with intelligent accuracy; and any striking effort is marked by that indescribable movement which succeeds a more than usually effective point in a sermon. To carry the analogy still further, it is evident that the *Messiah* is regarded with not a little of the reverence due to inspiration. There is something remarkable in the complete and unquestioning faith of English audiences in that work. To suggest that portions of it are inferior in quality is to commit sacrilege, while to speak of it disparagingly is an approach to blasphemy. In fact, the *Messiah* is the musical fetish of our time and receives the honours of deity. Yet, truth to tell, some of it, like portions of the image in the dream of the Babylonian king, is made of clay. I yield to no man in admiration for its majestic choruses, its matchless songs, but profess little for the "runs" which disfigure several of its airs, and the antiquated *ritornelles* (I believe that is the word) which bring some of the finest pieces to a close. Don't tell me that such expressions as these are rank heresy. I know it, and therefore I say no more. On one point the Exeter Hall frequenters depart from their church-like decorum. They will applaud, all rule and regulation to the contrary notwithstanding,

But the applause is at a minimum on *Messiah* nights, and only bursts forth from the back benches after some stirring appeal to the less controllable feelings of that remote region.

With regard to the performance on these occasions, much might be said other than the regulation criticism of the regular critics. By way of preface I might descant upon the imposing appearance of the crowded orchestra ("including sixteen double basses") and upon the discipline which makes the traditional "700 performers" subordinate to the will of the calm and self-possessed individual with his back to the audience. People who ought to know assure me that Mr. Costa is a marvellous general over such forces, and that his very presence is a guarantee of victory. It may be so, and I think it must be so, after noting the quiet power there is in his every movement, and the evident confidence he inspires. But, apart from this, the Exeter Hall orchestra is a grand one, and, when in full blast, can stir the feelings of a dullard. There is no necessity for sensational readings to enhance its effect—the massiveness of its sound is a constant sensation. Hence the whispered announcement, "Unto us a Child is born," is useless. The outburst on the "Wonderful" would be startling without it. But the grandeur of the *Messiah* performance culminates when the "Hallelujah" is reached, and the whole audience rise to their feet while the sublimest hymn of praise out of heaven is sung. He must be a block who can witness this unmoved. To me it appears the answer to Milton's famous apostrophe to "A Solemn Music":—

"Blest pair of Syrens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd powers employ.
Dead things, with inbreathed sense, able to pierce,
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concert.
Aye, sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him who sits thron.
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires."

Surely nothing in music presents our "high-raised phantasy" with anything so like the "undisturbed song" as this "Hallelujah" of Handel when thundered out in Exeter Hall. Upon its glorious tide of sound the whole nature seems to be carried into an ideal world from which it is pain to come back as the last chord dies away. We are told that when George III. first heard this mighty chorus he rose involuntarily from his seat, and thus set the fashion which has remained in force ever since. If the King really did so, I respect him for it, but I should imagine that a deeper feeling than his lies at the bottom of the custom now. There is a religiousness in the act which associates the performance with homage to the Deity, and the same feeling prompts many audiences to rise when the splendid "Sanctus" in *Elijah* is performed. For my own part I do not think the practice one to be encouraged. It is well to keep concerts and religious services each in its proper place, and not confound the two till one is puzzled to tell where entertainment begins and worship ends.

About the solo singers in the *Messiah* of Passion-Week, I have nothing to say that would not more properly have a place in another part of this paper. It does not, however, require a critic's ear to distinguish the beauty of the Passion music as delivered by Mr. Sims Reeves. Over the entire audience on Wednesday week there fell that deathly silence which is a greater tribute to a singer's powers than the loudest applause; and while he told the mournful story that has been told so often, the effect was as though the music had never been heard before. The anxiety of oratorio-goers about the great tenor's appearance is no riddle, for of that result the cause is palpable as well as adequate.

Coming back now to the audience, I do so only for the purpose of saying that they have adequate reason for breaking up during the last few "numbers" and reducing the music to the position of an "out-of-voluntary." Like most of our halls, that of Exeter seems to have been designed on the principle of those traps which it is very easy to get into but not so easy to escape from. Slowly and laboriously does the crowd filter through its narrow doorways, and, with scarcely perceptible motion, descend its insufficient staircases. What would be the result of a panic has been asked time and again with a consciousness that the result would be terrific; yet nothing is done. With a blind faith in the possible remoteness of a bad chance the directors go on, inviting the public to risk fearful danger. I hope the result will justify their faith, and that a performance of the *Messiah* will never be disturbed by a contingency which, however, rarely fails to force itself upon the mind.

THADDEUS EGG.

GRANADA.—M. Gounod's *Faust* was produced with great success for the benefit of Sigra. Spezia.

SCHUBERT'S MUSIC TO "ROSAMUNDE."

Overture, D minor.

1. Entr'acte between 1st and 2nd Acts (B minor).
2. Entr'acte (B minor) and Air de Ballet (G).
3. Entr'acte between 2nd and 3rd Acts (D).
- 3½. Romanze for Soprano, "Der Vollmond strahlt" (F minor).
- MS. 4. Chorus of Spirits.
5. Entr'acte between the 3rd and 4th Acts (B flat).
- MS. 6. Shepherd Melody.
- MS. 7. Chorus of Shepherds.
- MS. 8. Huntsman's Chorus.
- MS. 9. Air de Ballet (G).

The above is a complete list of the music employed in the drama of *Rosamunde* on the two occasions of its representation at Vienna in 1823, and discovered, after a lapse of 44 years, during the course of the last autumn among the original part books in possession of Dr. Schneider, a well-known amateur of Vienna. The pieces are enumerated in the order in which they come in the part books; but as there is not the relief of the intervening portions of the drama, it was thought better at the recent performance in the Crystal Palace to alter the order in one or two cases—as follows:—

Overture.

1. Entr'acte in B minor. Allegro moderato.
2. Air de Ballet in G. Andantino.
3. Shepherd Melody in B flat. Andante.
4. Chorus of Shepherds in B flat. Allegretto.
5. Romanze in F minor. Andante con moto.
6. Entr'acte in B flat. Andantino.
7. Chorus of Spirits in D. Adagio.
8. Entr'acte in B minor, and Air de Ballet in G.
9. Huntsman's Chorus in D. Allegro moderato.

Schubert did not compose an overture specially for this work. That which was played at the Crystal Palace, and which the part books show to have been originally performed, was written by Schubert a few months previously, for his opera of *Alfonso and Estrella*, while that published as *Rosamunde* (Op. 26), and frequently used in the daily practices of the Crystal Palace, belongs to the *Zauberharfe*, an opera which he had composed in 1820, three years before the date of *Rosamunde*.

The numbers presented on the occasion referred to for the first time to an English audience* were 4, 6, 7, and 8. No. 3 was omitted. The overture was played at the concert of November 3, 1866, and Nos. 1, 5, and 9 on the 10th November, 1866, and 16th March, 1867. The romanze, No. 3½, was also performed on both these occasions, but with an accompaniment scored by Mr. Manns from the pianoforte copy.

The following is the outline of the drama of *Rosamunde*, the production of Madame Wilhelmine Chezy—translated from the abstract published in the Life of Schubert by Kreissle von Hellborn. Every effort was made by the writer (when at Vienna) to discover a copy of the full libretto, but without success: it probably was never printed. The abstract, however, is enough for our present purpose. It shows conclusively how independent Schubert's genius was of the materials which served to set it in motion; and it is impossible to discover anything in this most empty story fit to have inspired the lofty and tragic strains of much of the music which illustrates it.

By a caprice of her father's, the Princess Rosamunde, of Cyprus, has been brought up from the first as a shepherdess, with the understanding that on the completion of her eighteenth year her nurse is to reveal her rank, and that the crown is to be offered to her. In the meantime, the Prince of Candia, betrothed to Rosamunde in her cradle, has received a mysterious letter which has driven him to Cyprus. On the road thither the vessel is wrecked, and he alone of all the crew reached the island alive. During the sixteen years of Rosamunde's disappearance the government of the island has been in the hands of Fulgentius, and he naturally receives the news of her existence with anything but satisfaction. Rosamunde and the Prince meet, and although both are in disguise each recognizes the other. The Prince, partly to test her constancy, partly because he is unable to rely on her companions, retains his disguise, enters the service of the Governor, rescues his daughter from robbers, and thus secures his confidence. This favourable state of affairs, how-

ever, is interrupted by a violent passion of Fulgentius for Rosamunde, which, when rejected, turns into no less violent hatred; he accuses her of being the cause of his daughter's misfortunes, and at length throws her into prison. Here he still pursues her, and attempts to kill her by a letter impregnated with a deadly and instantaneous poison, to be presented to her by the Prince, who is still disguised. Rosamunde in the meantime has contrived to escape to her nurse's cottage, where she lies concealed. Here the Prince finds her, and tells her of the wicked schemes of Fulgentius. Unfortunately Fulgentius surprises them together, and the result would be fatal if the Prince did not succeed in persuading him that he has presented the letter, and that its effect has been to take away the sense of Rosamunde—a statement which she corroborates by her mad behaviour. Fulgentius, easily convinced, commits the care of Rosamunde to the Prince, and all seems in good train. At this moment arrives a letter from Albanus—the writer of the former mysterious letter to the Prince—who is aware of the secret of [the Princess's] troth, and is enraged at the bad government of Fulgentius. Fulgentius surprises the Prince in the act of reading this letter, and insists that he shall give it up and lose his life. But this the Prince does not intend; his determination is to live and marry. Instead of Albanus' letter, he contrives to give Fulgentius his own poisoned one. It has not lost its power. The Governor seizes it, tears it open, eagerly reads it, and immediately expires.

G. G.

A HARMONIUM RECITAL.

Sir.—Herr Louis Engel, the well-known professor of the harmonium, lately gave a harmonium recital at St. George's Hall, before a crowded and fashionable audience. Herr Engel was supported by Miss Philip, Madle. Marini and Fraulein Drasil, as vocalists, while Messrs. John Thomas, Prospere Sainton, Tito Mattei, and Engel were the instrumentalists. Miss Philip sang some compositions of her own. Madle. Marini also gave another by the same composer, together with Schubert's "Ave Maria." Fraulein Drasil gave "A Vision," by Engel, with a harp and harmonium *obbligato*, which created much applause. She also sang a charming song by Benedict. Herr Engel played some new solos on his instrument which tickled the audience very much, and, in a trio with John Thomas and Tito Mattei created a *furore*. But it was in his arrangement of the overture to *William Tell* for harmonium and pianoforte, that Herr Engel created a sensation; the exertion of his feet and hands, more especially when the nimble digitals of the Italian pianist in the final movement rendered it incumbent on Herr Engel to keep the pace, was absolutely killing. It must be recollect that hands and feet were at work, as well as the head of the harmoniumist, to give the light and shade necessary to Rossini's grandest overture. At the finish Herr Engel was nearly done for, from the great efforts he went through, and was warmly and closely watched by many of the fair sex present, who seemed to be much interested for him, from the bodily exertion they witnessed him make during the performance of *William Tell*. As for Tito Mattei he seemed as cool as a cucumber; notwithstanding, some ladies present were actually cruel enough to ask the two executants to repeat the overture, which was respectfully and sternly declined. As for Tito Mattei he gave more brilliantly than ever his transcription of "Non è ver," followed by Li Calsi's "Galop de Concert," which was encored and had to be repeated. M. Sainton played finely, and gave his Scotch fantasia, including an imitation of the Scotch bagpipe, more natural than ever. It gave wonderful pleasure to some Highland ladies from Cromarty who were present, after a long sojourn in India on their way home, bringing tears in their eyes as they listened to the music of their "native woodland wilds" they were so soon to enjoy. Herr Engel finished his recital with a capital performance on the pianoforte and harmonium, by himself, selected from Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Engel. Mr. Benedict and Herr Schloesser were announced as conductors. Altogether, Herr Engel has cause for much gratification as the giver of the recital, the composer and arranger of some of the music, and the executant of several of the classical pieces played.

BASHI BAZOOK.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MISS CLINTON FYNES gave the first of a series of pianoforte recitals on Wednesday evening, the 25th ult., at the Beethoven Rooms. In conjunction with Messrs. N. Mori and Aylward, Miss Fynes played Beethoven's trio, Op. 11, and Haydn's trio in G major, which were received with loud applause. The fair pianist also played Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," and with Mr. N. Mori, Dussek's sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin, both pleasing immensely, and both showing their proficiency. Nor was Miss Clinton Fynes less successful in another style, with Prudent's fantasia on *Lucia*, and Wallace's grand galop, "The Czar." The singers were Miss Jenny Pratt and Mr. Charles Stanton, both of whom obtained encores.

* The Shepherd's Chorus has been occasionally sung in London, but arranged as a part-song, the symphonies being omitted.

[April 18, 1868.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

About the first performance for the season of *Un Ballo in Maschera* it would almost suffice to say that on the whole it was a very fine one. The merits of this opera—in which the genius of Signor Verdi is exhibited to greater advantage than in any other, *Rigoletto* alone excepted, and which contains, after the quartet in *Rigoletto* ("Un di, sì ben rammentomi"), the most dramatically conceived and ingeniously constructed concerted piece that has come from the pen of the accepted composer of "Young Italy,"—viz., the quintet, "E scherzo od è follia" (Act 2)—have been fully and frequently discussed. Those who under-estimate *Un Ballo in Maschera* under-estimate Signor Verdi at his best;—when he is most genuine and natural; most frankly himself, and, therefore, most engaging. As much can by no means be said of *Don Carlos*, or even of *La Forza del Destino*, which last, though superior to *Don Carlos*, is just as inferior to *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *Rigoletto*. Of the admirable performance of *Un Ballo* at the Royal Italian Opera it is necessary to say but little. The distribution of characters was, with two exceptions, the same as last season. Signor Mario, on this occasion quite himself, and therefore incomparable, was the Duke Riccardo; Signor Graziani, more touching and sentimental than ever was the chief conspirator, Renato; Mdlle. Fricci, always painstaking and correct, always full of good intentions, and not infrequently carrying them out with undeniably felicity, was the unhappy Amelia (Renato's wife and lover of Riccardo); while Signors Tagliavico and Capponi, as Armando and Angri, secret enemies of the Duke, were, as usual model traitors. Mdlle. Mayer, from Hanover, of whose performance of Maddalena, in *Rigoletto*, it was our agreeable duty to speak very recently in terms of encouragement, quite bore out our favourable opinion by the manner in which she sustained the small part of the witch, Ulrica; and Mdlle. Vanzini, the new singer, who was to have appeared as Gilda, at the first performance of *Rigoletto*, but was replaced at the eleventh hour, by Mdlle. Fioretti, obtained a legitimate success in that of Oscar, the page. Mdlle. Vanzini, who, if not an American by birth, has at least been a good deal in America, possesses a light soprano voice, of sweet quality and penetrating tone, sings well in tune, and shows a thorough familiarity with the stage. Both her air in Act 1, "Volta la terrea" (Oscar's description of the witch, Ulrica, so infinitely better set by Auber in his *Gustave III.*), and that in the last, "Saper vurreste," where the sprightly page amuses himself by perplexing the arch-conspirator, Renato (in which Auber again shows his superiority to Verdi) were well sung and much applauded; while no small part of the effect created by the quintet, "E scherzo od è follia" (Act 2), where the marvellously natural acting and singing of Signor Mario counts for so much, must be attributed to the manner in which the "cantabile" phrase for soprano voice was sung by Mdlle. Vanzini. This quintet was unanimously encored, as was the lachrymose soliloquy when Renato mourns over his lost happiness, the last movement in which, "O dolceze perdute," the flute striving with the voice in hyperesthetic expressiveness, is delivered by Signor Graziani with an elaboration of gesture, and a sentiment long drawn out, peculiarly his own. About the splendid "getting up" of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the perfection of the orchestral playing at Covent Garden, we have spoken on previous occasions. Enough that nothing was wanting to render the *ensemble* as imposing and irreproachable as ever.

On Saturday the opera was *I Puritani*, the performance of which was interesting if only for two reasons. That this work of Bellini's, written for the Paris Italian Opera when no less a man than Rossini himself was *impresario*, and for four such singers as Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, in their meridian, will ever be heard again as it was then heard, and was shortly afterwards heard at Her Majesty's Theatre, must not be expected. Nor does it greatly matter; for, after all, in spite of an abundance of genuine melody, *I Puritani* was at the best a show-piece for the four renowned artists we have named, and more especially for one of them, Rubini, whose music (like his music in the *Sonnambula*)—we do not refer merely to the quality of the singing, but to the precise delivery of the original text—has never been given by any other tenor as Rubini gave it. Signor Mario, in the vigour of his prime, could never thus give it; much less can he now. But, on the other hand, what Signor Mario can do is what neither Rubini, nor

the late Giuglini, who, allowing for certain transpositions and modifications, approached in one sense nearer to Rubini than any singer we can call to mind, could ever do—that is, make Arturo look and act like the ideal *Preux Chevalier* of the dramatist. This Signor Mario now represents more emphatically than ever; and this, accompanied by a method of declamation in which he has known and knows no rival, together with certain musical phrases here and there given to absolute perfection, still makes his Arturo acceptable and in a great measure delightful. But the shifts to which he is occasionally put—with the forced employment of *falsetto* and other subterfuges—more particularly in the last and most trying act, are such that, if it was ordered that we were never again destined to witness Signor Mario's performance as the chivalrous hero of the *Puritani*, we should console ourselves easily with the reflection that, while Arturo is no longer for Signor Mario, there are other parts in which to approach Signor Mario is still beyond the power of any known singer.

Mdlle. Fioretti, in *Elvira*, as in every character she has attempted before a London audience, shows herself a consummate vocal artist. Her singing is so admirably finished that we are almost tempted to overlook her entire want of histrionic power. Her neat and brilliant execution of the *polacca*, "Son vergin vezzosa," made the audience forget all about the dramatic situation, and brought down a hearty and unanimous demand for its repetition, which, after twice appearing to acknowledge by a bow, Mdlle. Fioretti ultimately consented to satisfy. Scarcely less successful was she with the equally well known "Qui la voce" (Act 2). The parts of Giorgio and Riccardo (Lablache and Tamburini of old) were represented by Signors Bagaglino and Graziani, who vocalized the famous duet, "Suoni la tromba," at the end of Act 2, with such emphasis and unanimity of goodwill, that, though happily not encored, they were honoured with a loud recall. Henrietta of France, widow of the martyr, Charles, was impersonated by a new singer, Mdlle. Locotelli, about whose qualifications we find nothing particular to say. Signor Polonini, who has been at the Royal Italian Opera from the commencement, was an excellent Valton, and Signor Rossi a mild "Sir Bruno Robertson." The music of *I Puritani* for Mr. Costa and his orchestra is "child's play" at the best.

Mr. Gye's entertainment for his Easter Monday visitors consisted of a very admirable performance of Verdi's grand musical melodrama, *Rigoletto*. The principal characters, with a single exception, were sustained by the same artists of whom we had to speak on a very recent occasion. The exception was one of importance. At the first performance of *Rigoletto*, this season, it will hardly have been forgotten that the part of the amorous Duke of Mantua, whose gay *chanson*, "Le donna è mobile," shows convincingly in what small esteem he holds the sex to which all honour and consideration are due, was undertaken by Signor Mario; on Easter Monday, however, it devolved upon Signor Naudin, whose task in acting as substitute for the greatest of lyric comedians was one of no slight responsibility. To the credit of Signor Naudin, be it said, he acquitted himself, not merely with the ability which has long earned recognition, but in such a manner as fairly to delight his audience. In the love-duet, when, at the abode of Rigoletto, the Duke assuming a garb and rank less distinguished than his own, pays court to the innocent and too credulous Gilda, he exhibited a warmth of expression that made every musical phrase and sentence tell, and legitimately shared the applause with his accomplished partner, Mdlle. Fioretti. In the last act, too, Signor Naudin was excellent; and although we prefer the easy, off-hand delivery of Signor Mario, as more dramatically consistent and natural, we must in strict justice admit that Signor Naudin gives "La donna è mobile" with a vigour and animation that disarm criticism, and induce the large majority to accept his reading as the true one. Such was the case on the occasion under notice, and the audience would not rest satisfied until the familiar melody was repeated.

About the Gilda of Mdlle. Fioretti, the most finished in vocal execution since Mdlle. Bosio first enchanted the English public with her bird-like warbling, the Rigoletto of Signor Graziani, which, if success always waited on ambition, would be histrionically equal to the Rigoletto of Signor Ronconi, the picturesque and consummate Sparafucile of Signor Tagliavico, and the Maddalena of Mdlle. Mayer, a new contralto who promises to do good service to

the Royal Italian Opera, there is nothing to add to what was said in our notice of the first performance of Signor Verdi's best, if not (as it ought to be) most popular opera. Mr. Costa conducted, and the orchestra was, as usual, beyond praise.

—
HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

It would be unnecessary to do more than barely record the fact of the first performance of *Il Trovatore* having been given, did not strict impartiality demand that a word of hearty recognition should be accorded to Mdlle. Sinico, who, in consequence of the indisposition of Mdlle. Tietjens, undertook to replace that universally esteemed artist in the very responsible part of the heroine. A more ready and versatile artist than Mdlle. Sinico does not exist, and no one will be surprised when we add that her impersonation of Leonora was so forcible and her execution of the music so irreproachable, that the absence of the great Teutonic songstress was scarcely felt. Mdlle. Sinico, in short, has never obtained a more complete or a more richly-merited success. The other characters were sustained by Signor Fraschini, whose Manrico afforded us no pretext for modifying in any way the judgment pronounced upon him in Gennaro, or for admitting that he is anything better now than a vigorous declaimer; Madame Trebelli-Bettini, whose Azucena from musical point of view approaches nearer to the Azucena of Alboni, and from a dramatic point nearer to that of Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, than any other Azucena we have seen; Mr. Santley, the best Count di Luna that could be named; and Signor Foli, whose fine bass voice gives unaccustomed prominence to the not highly interesting music allotted to Ferrando. It is needless to say more, no fresh impression, under any circumstances whatever, being derivable from *Il Trovatore*—the most hackneyed, if not the best, of all hackneyed operas.

Even *Linda di Chamouni*, one of the heaviest of Donizetti's many laboured works, and one of those in which he most continually repeats himself, while at the same time repeatedly plagiarizing from others (Rossini and Bellini especially), was a relief after *Il Trovatore*. But this is less to be wondered at, inasmuch as Mdlle. Kellogg's Linda is, with few exceptions, probably the best that has ever been witnessed on the Italian or any other stage. Our impressions of this in all respects singularly fine performance were stated not long since at very considerable length. It has advanced rather than retrograded and its salient features were even more powerfully brought out at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, than on any previous occasion at Her Majesty's Theatre last winter. The brilliant *cavatina*, "O luce di quest'anima," in which the guileless Swiss maiden gives rapturous expression to the joy she feels at the thought of her approaching union with the lover of her choice, was delivered with such vocal facility and true earnestness of expression that it was unanimously asked for again. The scene in which Linda indignantly expels the profligate old Marquis from her apartments, that in which she falls prostrate before her father, Antonio, the idea of whose threatened malediction seems to annihilate her, and that in which when, informed by Pierotto of the approaching marriage of her beloved Carlo with another, Linda's senses fail her, and she becomes delirious—the three great situations of the second and finest act of the opera—were each and all so striking as to fix themselves on the memory and retain their hold even when the general impression of *Linda di Chamouni* in the abstract had been effaced. The audience, quite alive to the excellent qualities of the young American singer, applauded her with enthusiasm. By the side of Mdlle. Kellogg's Linda may fairly be placed the Antonio of Mr. Santley, a performance that grows in excellence year by year. The singing of our English baritone, now one of the greatest ornaments of the Italian lyric stage, was faultless throughout; but what most sensibly struck us was his admirable acting in the scene where Antonio petitions his daughter, Linda, without knowing her to be his daughter, for eleemosynary aid, and on finding out who she is, menaces her with his curse—as though Antonio would not seriously have objected to accept relief from anyone else's daughter whom he might have presumed to be in the position which he wrongly imagines to be her's. Madame Trebelli-Bettini's Pierotto is simply perfect, the unobtrusive naturalness of her acting being on a par with the artistic beauty of her singing. Carlo, Linda's *innamorato*, is a very insipid character, but Signor Bettini sings the music extremely well; and

Signor Foli does all that can be done for the benevolently-disposed Prefect. Signor Zoboli's Marquis de Boisfeury is not so good as the Marquis de Boisfeury of Ronconi—or even as the Marquis de Boisfeury of Signor Scalese.

The band and chorus, under Signor Arditi, are superb in this ambitious work of a composer who excelled most when he attempted least. Such a capital execution of the overture was almost thrown away upon such a piece of vapid bombast. The chorus, however, have more than one pleasing "number," and nothing could possibly be better than their singing.

A line or two must record the first performance of *Don Giovanni* on Saturday night. Mdlle. Kellogg's Zerlina is one of the most animated impersonations of the flighty peasant girl we have seen—a little too bustling, perhaps, but seriously conceived and carried out with artistic earnestness. Of the magnificent Donna Anna of Mdlle. Tietjens, the Donna Elvira, of the universally competent Mdlle. Sinico, and the busy and vivacious Don Giovanni of that variously accomplished artist, Signor Gassier, we need not say one word; they are sufficiently familiar to our operatic readers, and Mr. Mapleson, both in and out of "season," affords us frequent opportunities of appreciating them. Signor Bettini was a very excellent Don Ottavio, and Signor Foli an unexceptionable Commendatore. As is always the case, the dramatic masterpiece of Mozart was heard with delight from beginning to end; but happily, on this occasion, only three encores were insisted on—the two arias of Zerlina, "Batti batti" and "Vedrai carino," both charmingly sung by Mdlle. Kellogg, and the duet for Zerlina and Don Giovanni, "La ci darem," in which the gifted American lady was associated with Signor Gassier. The noble delivery of Donna Anna's recitative and air ("Or sai chi l'onore") was one of the most notable incidents of the evening; and after it Mdlle. Tietjens was of course unanimously applauded and called back. The overture, the *finale* to the first act, and the setet in the second (pronounced by Cherubini to be the greatest piece of dramatic concerted music in existence) were what they never fail to be with an efficient orchestra, chorus, and "principals" at command.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Mrs. RONEY).—This well-known and accomplished professor of the vocal art recently gave a *matinée d'invitation* at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crowded by a fashionable assemblage of her friends and pupils. The programme consisted of selections, vocal and instrumental, all more or less interesting and creditable to the taste of Miss Hogarth. Amongst the vocalists were—the Sisters Doria, Misses E. Philip and S. Vento, Mesdames Lenormand-Sherrington, Leibhart, and Sainton-Dolby, Miss Lindo (charmingly accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Grace Aguilar, in a song by her father), Messrs. Reichardt (who gave his new song, "Love me, Beloved"), Wilford Morgan, Frank Elmore (loudly applauded in "Alice, where art thou?"), and Ciabatta—all of whom materially aided in making the *matinée* attractive. Among the instrumental performers were—Miss Madeline Schiller, Messrs. Sainton, Harold Thomas, J. Baldr Chatterton, John Thomas, Tito Mattei, Edward Howell, &c. Messrs. W. Ganz, Benedict, Li Calsi, and G. B. Allen accompanied the vocal music. The *matinée* gave general satisfaction. Mrs. Roney has announced her annual concert for Saturday the 25th inst., when an unusual array of talent will appear.—B. B.

MISS ELENA ANGÈLE gave a *matinée d'invitation* on Monday, March 23rd, at 27, Harley Street, to her friends and pupils. The rooms (the Beethoven) were filled to overflow. The fair vocalist, well known by her singing at the Monday Popular Concerts, Leslie's Concerts, and elsewhere, possesses a charming mezzo-soprano voice, bordering on the contralto. She sang Randegger's "Slumber Song"; a new ballad by Lady William Lennox, "The Appeal" (first time); Mr. John Thomas's "Guardian Spirit," accompanied on the harp by the composer; and Proch's song (with clarinet *obbligato*, played by Mr. Lazarus), "Ye Clouds that course o'er Heaven's Plain;" also joining Mr. Charles Stanton in Nicola's duet, "One Word." One of Miss Angèle's pupils, Miss Emma Haywood, gave "There be none of Beauty's Daughters" with unaffected taste; Miss Young, an amateur, sang Miss Gabriel's "All among the Summer Roses," accompanied by the composer; and, with Miss Angèle, Donizetti's "Ah! figlia incauta," receiving much applause. Mr. Theodore Distin, in songs by Schubert and M. Gounod created a legitimate effect. Mr. Charles Stanton, in a new serenade, "Wake, Linda, wake," obtained an encore, through his fine voice and capital singing. Miss Madeline Schiller, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Lazarus each played solos—on the piano, harp, and clarinet—with well merited success. Miss Clinton Fynes and Mr. Sidney Naylor presided at the pianoforte.—B. B.

IMPORTANT TO MUSICAL STUDENTS, COMPOSERS, & AMATEURS

Now ready, in one vol., demy 8vo., 6s. ed.,

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT: Being an attempt to show the action in Music of certain fundamental laws of human expression, with a view to deduce the true spiritual aims of the chief forms of composition, and to lay down the broad principles which should regulate their construction. By JOSEPH GODDARD, Author of "The Philosophy of Music."

London: THOMAS MURRAY, 32, Bouvierie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.; SIMPKIN & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.; J. GODDARD, 136, St. Paul's Road, N.W.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

Begs to announce

THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS,

ON THE

MORNINGS OF THURSDAY, May 28, June 11 and 25,

IN

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

At which she will have the honour of performing the

EIGHT BOOKS OF MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE

("Songs without Words").

Sixteen at each Concert, so as to include

THE WHOLE FORTY-EIGHT "LIEDER."

The Programme of each Concert will be divided into Two Parts, Eight *Lieder* in each Part, with a Vocal Piece by Schubert to separate one group of four *Lieder* from another.

At the End of the First Part of each Programme, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will introduce

ONE OF THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS;

at the First Recital, a Selection from the newly-published

PRELUDES AND STUDIES;

at the Second, the

SONATA IN G MINOR,

composed by Mendelssohn when he was Twelve Years old;

and at the Third, the

GRAND SONATA IN B FLAT,

which was received with so much favour at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Madame Goddard will play on one of Messrs. Broadwood & Sons' Grand Concert Pianofortes.

Reserved Stalls for a Single Recital, 5s.; Subscription Tickets (Stalls) for the Three Recitals, Half-a-Guinea. To be obtained of Madame Arabella Goddard, at her residence, 26, Upper Wimpole Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and of Mr. Austin, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. WHITE COLE.—Old men account juniors all fools, when they are mere dizzards; and as to sailors:—*terrasque urbeque recidunt*. "They move, the land stands still, the world hath more wit, and they date themselves." Thus said a sage. But with regard to the question as to *Nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducet*, Dr. Cole will do well to consult Mr. Horace Mayhew, who has frequently and intimately perused the Epistle of Hippocrates to Dionysius.

FANATICO.—Mdle. Kellogg's first appearance in London took place at her Majesty's Theatre, November 2, 1847. The part was Margaret.

BIRTH.

On the 11th inst., at 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, the wife of EMANUEL AGUILAR, Esq., of a son.

DEATH.

On the 14th inst., at her residence, Margate, Mrs. ALMOND, formerly Miss ROMER, of the Theatres Royal Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Lyceum, aged 54.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock A.M. on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

A GERMAN CRITIC ON BEAUMARCHAIS AND MOZART.

THE following general remarks on the *Mariage de Figaro* are the echo of my own experience gained at a performance of Beau-

marchais' comedy, which I witnessed in the summer at the Comédie Française, and the recollection of which haunted me, scene by scene, through all Mozart's opera. It is scarcely possible to form from a mere perusal of this celebrated comedy any conception of the intoxicating influence it exerts over the mind, when performed on the stage. This fact can be realized in Paris alone, where Beaumarchais' *Barbier de Seville* and *Mariage de Figaro*—two of the best comedies written in any age—have always remained stock-pieces. In Germany, both these comedies were, from apprehension of political consequences, kept banished as far away as possible from the stage; in those places where they did happen to be performed they were quickly and for ever supplanted by the victorious operatic arrangements of them from the pens of Mozart, Paisiello, and Rossini. But, however much social circumstances have changed since the days of Beaumarchais, the demagogical witticisms which dart from out his two *Figaro* comedies, and once helped to set the world in a blaze, still flash straight to men's hearts in Paris. The German theatre-goer, who listens reverently to the melodies of Mozart's *Figaro*, scarcely ever bestows a thought on the remarkable political part once played by the French original on which the opera was based. Even Beaumarchais' first comedy, *Le Barbier de Seville*, produced in 1775, and, probably, the most amusing piece of intrigue since the time of Molière, was a democratic fact. While, on the stage as in real life, those of lowly birth were accustomed to be snubbed and ridiculed, the tables were in this comedy suddenly turned; a simple barber pertly holds the thread of the intrigue, and, by his intellectual superiority, triumphs over the rich and great. This theme of opposition, merely hinted at and preluded on in *Le Barbier*, is brought out in full force in *Une folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro*. The comedy was completed and sent in for acceptance in 1781, but it was not till after waging war incessantly for three years against endless prohibitions and obstacles that Beaumarchais succeeded in getting it produced. As a matter of course, all Paris was in a state of feverish excitement, and, on the day of the first performance, 27th April, 1784, besieged the Théâtre Français from an early hour in the morning. Grand ladies ate their dinner in the actresses' dressing-rooms, so as to occupy their seats in good time. The performance lasted from half-past five to ten o'clock, which until then had been something never known. The success was tremendous. The comedy was played sixty-eight nights running; in eight months it produced the theatre three hundred thousand, and the author above forty thousand francs clear profit. The fundamental idea of social equality and of intellectual superiority is worked out with brilliant wit and reckless boldness. St. Beuve made a striking observation when he said that the society of that period would not have deserved, as richly as they did, to perish, had they not listened with rapture on the first night, and a hundred nights afterwards, to this daring derision of themselves. What is still more incomprehensible is that even the Court performed the piece, in 1785, at the Petit Trianon; the Queen was Rosina, and the Comte d'Artois, Figaro. But, as Napoleon subsequently expressed it, Beaumarchais' *Figaro* was "la Révolution déjà en action." Mozart, or his librettist, L. da Ponte, follows the course of the French comedy with remarkable fidelity. When the curtain goes up at the Théâtre Français, and we perceive Figaro measuring the room with a foot-rule, while Susanne is trying-on a coquettish little cap before the glass, we really feel inclined to believe that the two will commence Mozart's duet. The fact is we are listening to the same words, though spoken. Bartholo and Marcelline then appear, and the duel between the latter and Susanne flares out with deeper and deeper curtseys, and sharper and sharper replies. Cherubin tells Susanne the sufferings of his heart, snatches from her the red silk

ribbon, hides behind the armchair on the entrance of the Count, and so on—just as in the opera. The second act commences with the conversation between the Countess and Susanne, who at length accedes to Cherubin's entreaties and introduces him. Were it not for the fact that the Page's romance, as composed by Mozart, is so perfect of its kind, we should regret that he had not retained the original verses, so wonderfully folkslike, and themselves music as far as rhythm is concerned, besides being well calculated to set the heart in a flutter.* In the third act, the greatest time is taken up by the Trial-scene, biting satire on certain judicial forms, partly laughable and partly scandalous. This is the most unmusical part of the comedy and is very much shortened in the opera, so that the third and fourth acts of the former are condensed into the third of the latter. The last act in both cases exhibits the game of intrigue carried on by the personages disguised in the garden, with all its mad confusion and embarrassment, ending in a convenient explanation and reconciliation. Figaro's long monologue at the commencement of this act is perhaps the most remarkable portion of the whole work. Figaro is seated, in the dark, on a stone bench, waiting for Susanne, by whom he thinks he is deceived. During this period of painful suspense, all his past life flits in a series of rapid pictures before his mind. He tells us how as a fatherless foundling he had always to contend with prejudice and harshness; how he tried all kind of trades and professions one after the other; how he was obliged in every instance to give way to those who were favoured by birth or patronage; how, despite his industry and talent, he suffered hunger, and, through his free-speaking, was thrown into a prison, till at last he entered Count Almaviva's house, where he is engulfed in a vortex of intrigue. This dark biography, now illumined by sparks of joyous wit, and now by flashes of savage humour, is in itself a small drama—the earnestness of the entire piece is concentrated in it. Thus do we see all the figures and scenes of Beaumarchais faithfully retained in the operatic version. But the best and most peculiar part of the original piece is lost: the unexampled brilliancy of the dialogue, which is inspired by a definite political purpose. It is one continuous intellectual tournament, in which the most skilful thrusts are always parried and returned even more skilfully. In France, the numerous epigrammatic sayings of the piece have become proverbial. The musician had to disregard them—for what could he make of them? Let one of these witty remarks be spun out for four or five seconds, as music requires, and it would grow wearisome. How our impatience is excited in the opera, for instance, by the repetition of "E questo è mio padre, che a te lo dirò." By the omission of its witty dialogue, the comedy loses half its significance and importance; the characters and plot constitute the other half. With regard to the characters, they underwent an alteration necessitated by the very nature of music, which keeps back wit and reflection to allow more room for sentiment. One must see Coquelin as Figaro, and the sisters Brohan as Susanne and the Countess, to appreciate the difference. What has suffered most in the operatic version is the significant physiognomy of Figaro; what has suffered least, the part of the Page Cherubin, for whose tender and dawning aspirations music possesses colours which fail the poet, or at least this poet Bartolo, Basilio, Antonio, Don Curzio, Marcelline, Fanchette, are by no means principal parts in the original any more than in the operatic version, but they explain themselves in some diverting conversations: we know who they are and what they want. In the opera, on the other hand, they are only in the

way, introducing into the work an annoying want of repose, and a motley effect, without at all exciting our sympathy. Thus, then, of Beaumarchais' comedy there is not much more left in the libretto than the rind of fact cleverly peeled off: the plot. This alone would never have made a comedy famous. For opera, it offers a few effective situations, and some exceedingly unfavourable and difficult ones. To the latter category belong nearly all the scenes which advance the action, and contain its motives; such are the suit of Marcelline, the recognition of Figaro as the son of Marcelline and Bartolo, etc.—in the opera they are simply unintelligible. Perhaps of the two Figaro pieces written by Beaumarchais, Mozart would have selected the *Barbier de Seville* to set, had not Paisiello (1784) successfully anticipated him. The *Barbier* offers an incomparably more favourable field for music; the lyrical element predominates; the plot is simpler and more kindly in its character. It was a very significant fact that Beaumarchais himself first intended the *Barbier* for an operatic libretto, which was probably not the case with *Le Mariage de Figaro*. A comparison of the libretto with the original shows plainly what a difficult task the composer's was, and what extraordinary things he achieved by the resources most peculiar to his art. The pure beauty of Mozart's music has filled the libretto with an ideal spirit. But it is not the spirit of Beaumarchais. Mozart's *Figaro* strikes us generally as being rather the ideal of perfectly beautiful music than of an eminently comic opera. Everything comical in it might have been more effective and sparkling. Mozart's German feeling preferred keeping down the *buffo* element and giving prominence to quiet sentiment. Beaumarchais' conversational tone would probably find its perfect counterpart only in a man of romantic disposition. This is the reason why, fifty years ago, a clear-sighted actor remarked: that to have an operatic *Mariage de Figaro* entirely in the spirit of Beaumarchais, it must have been composed conjointly by Paisiello and Cimarosa. At the present day, we should say more correctly: by Rossini and Auber.

ECHO.

INFELIX CLEMENT ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—We have all been mistaken about Mendelssohn. Instead of an estimable man, and great composer, he was a disagreeable fellow, and a mediocre writer. I am seriously disturbed at the discovery, and wish a malignant fate had left me in blissful ignorance. Yet, after all, truth is precious, and, even when it is disagreeable also, one ought to take it as conscientiously as one's physic. Do you ask me whence I got this particular truth? How I wish I could say it came from a doubtful source. Alas! I cannot, for that source is a Frenchman, and that Frenchman is M. Infelix Clement. As everybody knows, our neighbours are *supremely* qualified to pronounce upon the claims of the great men of other countries. Their perception of true nobility is intuitive, their sympathy with lofty and serious purpose is keen, and their judgment is naturally beyond the reach of prejudice, added to which is the fact that their knowledge is always minutely accurate. These are the men, sir, before whom to place the character and works of such as Mendelssohn, and when a distinguished French *littérateur* gives his decision thereupon, the matter may be considered as settled. In this way M. Infelix Clement has settled Felix Mendelssohn—*slack the day!* Only a regard for truth prompts me to make the result as public as possible. The step is painful; but *Magna est veritas et pravalebit*, and I may as well as not have the credit of helping it.

I am not going to attempt an argument with M. Clement—which would be useless; nor to express an opinion upon his statements—which is unnecessary. My business, sir, is simply to tell

* "Auprès d'une fontaine,
(Que mon cœur, que mon cœur a de peine !)
Songeant à ma marraine,
Sentais mes pleurs couler," etc.

[April 18, 1868.]

your readers what in his new book, *Les Musiciens Célèbres*, he tells his confiding countrymen. First of all as to Mendelssohn's character. He was a prejudiced man—"un triple plastron d'airain enserrait cette poitrine germanique." He was constitutionally unhappy, for even his letters from Rome bear "l'empreinte d'un malaise et d'un mécontentement singuliers;" and when travelling through the lovely South, he longed for "son ciel morne, et ses sapins du Nord." He had no respect for the feelings of others, since he treated the most august rites of religion with sarcasm and irony. Above all, he was intensely vain. Disgusted at not finding himself the object of general admiration in Paris, he vowed never to return thither, and thenceforth always spoke of the place "avec aigreur ou mépris." At Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1834, his pride would not let him share the direction of a musical festival with Ries, "contre lequel il se porta à d'inconvenantes récriminations;" and one reason why he threw himself so heartily into his work at the Leipsic "Gewandhaus," was because he was appreciated as he thought he deserved. Finally, he left Berlin to return to Leipsic, because he was thought more of in the latter city. As well as vain, he was haughty. "Il traitait ses confrères," observes M. Clement, "avec une sévérité et une hauteur blessantes, méconnaisant le talent supérieur, comme chez Berlioz, et même le génie, comme chez Meyerbeer." So much for Mendelssohn's character. And here let me summarise: He was prejudiced, unhappy, without reverence, conceited, and haughty. Thus M. Clement!—and who will dare to doubt the verdict?

Now, Mr. Editor, as to Mendelssohn's works, respecting which I will take M. Clement's opinions in the order of delivery—which must be the best. Mendelssohn, Sir, was guilty of Vandalism in his treatment of Racine's *Athalie*, and his overture to the setting of that poem though brilliant, "ne semble avoir aucun rapport avec la tragédie biblique." His *Heimkehr aus der Fremde* is a mediocre affair. He was a very intelligent musician but without learning. His music is full of greyish fogs ("brumes grisâtres"), and wants heat and light. As a dramatic composer Mendelssohn occupies the lowest rank. His symphonies are cold and nebulous, and they are fatiguing because of a constant use of broken cadences and modulations into remote keys. His oratorios are marked by a sprinkling of new ideas and striking effects, but they are far from being what one can admire from beginning to end. His chamber music is all right; and so, too, are his concert overtures; but his works as a whole are monotonous because of "sa préférence pour les tons mineurs" of which (les tons mineurs) that learned critic, M. Féétis, has made "une enumération interminable." To sum up the entire matter: what is wanting to Mendelssohn's compositions is that for which his friend Goethe called when dying: "De la lumière!—de la lumière." Thus, again, Mr. Clement!—and again I ask, Who will dare to doubt the verdict?

Alas, Mr. Editor, how are the mighty fallen! I feel as did the Philistines when they went into the temple of Dagon and found their god lying shattered on the floor. The worst of it is, we must thank this French iconoclast, who, with the hammer of truth, has demolished an unworthy idol. Let us, therefore, cry with what grace we can: "Bravo! M. Infelix Clement. So may all our 'brumes grisâtres' be dissipated by the light of French accuracy and acumen," even while we cast a pitiful look at the broken shrine and say in our inmost hearts, "Poor Mendelssohn."—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

THADDEUS EGG.

—o—

THE Rhenish Musical Festival will be held this year in Cologne, at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. As the first festival was held at Düsseldorf, in 1818, this will be the 50th anniversary. On the first day, the programme will include Handel's *Messiah*, with Madames Wippern and Joachim,

Drs. Gunz and Schmidt as solo singers. Herr Joachim, also, will play a solo. Among the pieces set down for the second day are: Overture, Gade (conducted by the composer); "Whitsuntide Cantata," Bach; Eighth Psalm, No. 114, Mendelssohn; and Ninth Symphony, Beethoven. On the third day, there will be an Overture, Ferdinand Hiller; a Symphony, Schumann; a Violin Concerto played by Herr Joachim; and various vocal pieces by the solo singers.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD is at Boulogne-sur-Mer. She will return next week, to resume her Pianoforte Classes.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The programme of this day's concert is wholly engrossed by Mendelssohn's music to *Oedipus at Colonus*.

ETHARDO is still making a *furore* at the Crystal Palace with his wonderful "spiral ascents."

HERR ERNEST SCHULZ is having prodigious success at the principal Rhenish cities, with his admirable entertainment, *Masks and Faces*. He has just terminated a very successful engagement at Cologne, whence he proceeds to Aix-la-Chapelle.

A MENDELSSOHN NIGHT will be given at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday the 29th, by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The works selected are the *Hymn of Praise* and the *Walpurgis Night*.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S "Pianoforte Recitals" in St. James's Hall will begin on Friday afternoon, May 17. Mr. Hallé will play, in the course of the eight "Recitals," all Schubert's published works for pianoforte solo, and all the miscellaneous pianoforte (solo) compositions of Beethoven—besides selections from the sonatas of Beethoven, &c.

MR. AUSTIN, the efficient and obliging manager of St. James's Hall, has announced his annual concert for Monday evening next. The esteem Mr. Austin is held in by his numerous friends—the general public—and musical profession, together with the capital programme he has issued (to be interpreted by some of the best artists of the day), ought to ensure a full and fashionable audience.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS's brother, the Rev. J. Brinley Richards, B.D., vicar of Llanbister, has been presented to the Rectory of Bleddfa (Radnorshire), by the Bishop of St. David's.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—MR. JOHN PARRY'S new poliloquy, *A Public Dinner*, is suggestive of speeches wittily paraphrased and of character amusingly portrayed, enhanced by that genial flow of humour which Mr. Parry has always at his command. The present entertainment, *Our Quiet Chateau*, which Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. Parry sustain with such inimitable drollery, will run for a few weeks longer, when a novelty will be produced from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—A *soirée musicale*, for the Benefit of the Home for Foreign Governesses, was given on Friday the 27th ult., at the above rooms, which was well supported, in the instrumental department, by Madame Schumann, Herr Carl Oberthür, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti; and by Fraulein Bramer, Mdlle. Drasil, Miss Fanny Holland, and Herr Reichardt, in the vocal. Herr Reichardt gave his new song, "Love me, Beloved," with the utmost refinement of expression, and was unanimously applauded. This song has all the elements of popularity, and bids fair to rival "Thou art so near, and yet so far"—if as often sung by its composer. The other singers gave selections from Schubert, Schumann, Ganz, Benedict, and Pergolesi. Mr. William Ganz presided at the pianoforte.—B. B.

MISS KATE MORRISON, pianist, gave an evening concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was fashionably attended. Miss Morrison played Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin, with Herr Ries; Schumann's "Schlummerlied;" Clementi's "Toccata" in B flat; a *chaconne* by Handel; No. 3, from Book 8, of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*; a Scotch fantasia; and Liszt's arrangement of Rossini's tarantella, "La Danza"—in each and all exhibiting correct taste and good style. Herr Ries, a violinist from Germany, played with brilliant execution Vieuxtemps' solo, "I Lombardi." Mdlle. Carola gave an air from Mr. Costa's *Naaman*, and Bellini's "Qui la voce" (encored); besides joining Mr. W. H. Cummings in a duet by Signor Pinsetti. Madame Ida Krüger Stoker sang some *Lieder* by Schubert and Schumann. Mr. W. H. Cummings contributed Abt's "My Bonnie Kate," and a new ballad, "The Last Fond Look," by Mr. Hatton, the last being loudly encored. Mr. J. C. Hargitt was the conductor.—B. B.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Monday, *Rigoletto*—third time (*see elsewhere*).
 On Tuesday, *I Puritani*—second time.
 On Thursday, *Un Ballo in Maschera*—second time.
 To-night, *Roberto il Diavolo*—first time; with Mdlle. Fricci (Alice), Madame L. Sherrington (Isabella); Signor Naudin (Roberto), Signor Colini (first appearance), Bertramo, and Mdlle. D'or (first appearance), Agatha.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday, *Don Giovanni*—for the first time (*see elsewhere*).
 On Tuesday, *Lucrezia Borgia*—second time.
 On Thursday, *Le Nozze di Figaro*—first time (*more next week*).
 To-night—first time—*Rigoletto*, with Signor Fraschini as the Duke, Signor Foli as Sparafucile, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Maddalena, Mr. Santley as Rigoletto, and Mdlle. Kellogg as Gilda.

DEATH OF MISS ROMER (MRS. GEORGE ALMOND).

The once favourite English *prima donna*, Miss Emma Romer, is no more. She died at her residence at Margate, last Monday, in her fifty-fourth year.

Few singers have had a wider range of operatic characters than Miss Romer. She made her *début* on the Covent Garden stage, the 16th of October, 1830, as Clara in the *Dueña*, on the same night that the late Mr. John Wilson made his first appearance as Don Carlos in the same opera. At the same theatre Miss Romer was the Zerlina in Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, when Brabant enacted the hero, Mr. Wilson Lorenzo, and Mr. G. Penson Lord Alceste. She was also the original heroine in the *Mountain Sylph* of Mr. John Barnett, at the Lyceum. After the death of Malibran, Miss Romer sustained with signal success the part of Isolina in Mr. Balfe's *Maid of Artois*, and that of Amina in Bellini's *Sonnambula*. She also sang the part of Leonore in Donizetti's *Favorite*, and that of Matilda in Rossini's *William Tell*, when M. Duprez, the renowned French tenor, played Arnold in English. Her repertory also included the leading characters in Mr. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* and *Bondman*, Mr. Wallace's *Maritana*, Meyerbeer's *Robert the Devil* (Alice), Weber's *Der Freyschütz* (Agatha), &c.

Miss Romer was gifted with a soprano voice of exquisite quality. Her early studies commenced under the tutelage of Mr. James Elliot, the well-known composer of glees. Besides rising to the head of her profession, she became an actress of varied and remarkable talent.

Miss Romer was directress for some years of an English Opera Company, at the Surrey Theatre. She married the late Mr. George Almond, the army contractor of St. James's Street. In private life she was as an universal favourite, and as universally liked and respected as in public. Her charity was unbounded, and she will be missed by numbers to whom she was a benefactor. After the death of her husband, she resided at Margate, where a sudden attack of spasms of the heart was the immediate cause of her death. She will be remembered as one of the most distinguished of English vocalists.

B. B.

GENEVA.—The season at the Carlo Felice will be inaugurated by *La Sonnambula*, and a new ballet by *Mcplaisir*.

SALZBURG.—*Die Rose von Hattuyl*, a new romantic opera by Herr Heinrich Schnabel, has met with a very flattering reception.

ANTWERP.—Herr Niels W. Gade's *Kreuzahrer* has been produced, under the direction of M. Pierre Benoit with undoubted success.

AMSTERDAM.—Concert of the Cecilia Society: Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Symphony, Verhulst; Second Symphony, Beethoven, etc.—Concert of the "Felix Meritis" Society: Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven; Concertstück for Violoncello, Servais; Two movements from the B minor Symphony, Schubert; Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann, etc.

MILAN.—Verdi's *Don Carlos* has proved a real success at the Scala, the applause at the subsequent performances being quite as great as on the first night.—At the Teatro Santo Radegonda, *La Donna Romantica*, a buffo opera, has been brought out. No less than four composers, Sigri, Buonomo, Valenti, Ruggi, and Campanella, have had a share in it. The proverb about "too many cooks" does not seem applicable to musicians, for *La Donna Romantica* is a success—a mild one, true, but still a success.

AUS SCHWERIN.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The Legend of St. Cecilia by H. F. Chorley and Julius Benedict, already celebrated in England, was brought out yesterday for the first time in Germany at the large Concert room of the Grandducal theatre here. The public, as is the case in north Germany on the production of a new work, was very cold at first, but by and by began to feel interested, until being carried away by the dramatical power of both, libretto and music, it burst into everlasting applause. Besides No. 4. (solo and chorus) "praise the Lord," as well No. 6. (chorus) "from our home" having met with general applause, it was No. 13 and 14. (scena finale) "Bear him away" which drew the crowded and fashionable audience in to the most enthusiastic demonstrations never witnessed before in Schwerin. Mlle. Orgéni, who as you may remember left a very favourable impression with our theatre-goers, on her appearance at Covent Garden a few years ago, interpreted the part of St. Cecilia in a most exquisite manner, giving to every note and word of it the due importance, and animating the whole with a kind of heavenly expression, to make you believe every word she sang. Her voice was never heard to such an advantage, and the long *B* flat at the very end of the Cantata, beginning *pp*: and terminating *f*: produced a very magical irresistible effect upon the electrified audience. The bass Herr André, and the tenor Herr Sedlmayer did their best, and were successful in their efforts. The chorus and orchestra, under the spirited leadership of the Hofkapellmeister Aloys Schmitt went on capitally well. Judging by the great sensation it has produced in Schwerin, I do not doubt that the Legend of St. Cecilia will make its way in Germany as it has rapidly done in England, and I hear it is going to be given in Hamburg. The excellent german translation of H. Chorley's capital libretto is due to the pen of the Chamberlain Baron Alfred von Wolzogen, a celebrated German author, who having been appointed as a General Intendant of the Royal Theatre in Schwerin since September last, has already made so many important artistical improvements as to place this establishment among the best theatres of modern Germany. Mlle. Orgéni has been very successful in *Lucia*, *Faust* of Gounod, *Barbiere*, etc; at the Royal-operahouse here, as well as in many Concerts, and the local papers praise her as being superior to the artôt. I am not of the same opinion.—Yours en route

Schwerin, 28th March.

SALVATORE SAVERIO DE BALDASSARE.

AUS KÖLN.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

On Sunday last evening (Palm Sunday) the usual performance of J. S. Bach's Passions-music took place at the Gürzenich room. The soli on the occasion were intrusted to Frl. H. Scheuerlein (soprano), Frau H. Hüfner-Harken, from Geuera (contralto), Herr Schild, from Dresden (Tenor), Herr Hill, from Francfort a/m (Baryton), and Herr M. Du Mont, an amateur from here (Bass). The choruses were divided as follows. Mixed chorus of the *jungers*, by the pupils of the Conservatoire. The boys' chorus, by the pupils of the Gymnasium, and the double chorus, by the Sing-Akademie and the Männer-Gesang-Verein. The band numbering as usually, there were so nearly 600 performers. Herr Musik-Director F. Weber presided at the organ as in former occasions.

The execution under F. Hiller was not so unrepentable as last year, the *Tutti* lacking precision of intonation and rhythme. Herr Schild and Frau Hüfner-Harken, both were new to me. The lady, adorned with a strong and heavy mezzo soprano, failed to produce any decided effect, the contralto intrusted to her requiring a really deep and flexible voice, as well as a fine method. Herr Schild on the contrary created a great sensation through precision of vocalization and intonation, distinct articulation of the words, and unaffected expression. His voice is somewhat guttural, but his light falsetto allows him to sing with great easiness the part of the Bach's Passion, which is written in a very uncomfortable way for the tenor. Frl. Scheuerlein, our fair *prima donna*, made the best she could out of the indifferent part allotted to her, and Herr Hill sang as well as last year the part of Jesus, although taking it somewhat too dramatically and worldly.

The public examinations of the Conservatoire took place at the Gürzenich rooms last week, and lasted four days consecutively. Among the pianists, a real first rate talent was revealed by a very young Lady, Frl. Glückselig from Hamburg. Of course the sing-and opera-classes attracted as usually a crowded and fashionable audience, their production being more like a public concert than an examination. The printed programme included this time 21. songs (choruses, solos, duets, etc.) and 4. declamations. The purity of attack and production of the voice, as well as the unity of style proved once more the eminence of the Marchesi's singing-method, which among many first rate singers, has produced Tietjens, Fricci, and Murasca, three very brilliant stars of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's theatres.

[April 18, 1868.]

As exceptional voices and talents among the new pupils, the following are worthy a special notice. Fr. Oden (from Coblenz) Soprano. Miss Leska (from London) Soprano, and Herr Mann (from Bremen) Baryton. From the old ones, Fr. Ketchan (from Erfurt) Soprano, Fr. Schmitz (from Cologne) Soprano, and Miss Stirling (from New-York) Contralto, although not yet finished, can be already considered as first rate artists. The best pupil for the declamation was Fr. Kirchner, (from Cologne) who although not possessing a very strong voice (contralto) sings also with great style and pathos.

The last novelty at the opera house here has been the part of Fidelio created by Fr. Scheuerlein with a genuine success. I hear that Signor Marchesi has just done the Italian translation of Wagner's opera *Lohengrin* and sent it to the indefatigable Mapleson. As our English public does never go to the opera with a *parti-pris* like the Parisian public, I trust that *Lohengrin* will meet with a good reception in London. The cast of this opera, as it is announced by Mapleson is excellent, although a high soprano and not a mezzo-soprano is required by the part of *Ortruda*, which wants also a great histrionical power. Why not give the *Ortruda* to the Trebelli?

Happy Easter to you all.—Yours faithfully

SALVATORE SAVIERO DE BALDASSARE.

Cologne the 7th of April.

[In suggesting that Madame Trebelli Bettini is "a high soprano" Signor De Baldassare has made a discovery. Does he intend Mdlle. Enequist?—A. S. S.]

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—An old correspondent writes us the subjoined notice of a very recent performance in this, in a certain sense, very musical town:—

"The Festival Choral Society's performance of *Judas Maccabeus* on Tuesday was attended by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Town Hall, not only every available seat being occupied, but standing room being almost an impossibility. In itself the martial oratorio of Handel must always prove attractive, containing as it does some of the finest choruses that great Saxon Master ever penned, as well as airs particularly fitted to display the capabilities of the solo singers. But to the independent merits of the work there were added other reasons why so vast a crowd should be drawn together; not the least of these being the name of Sims Reeves at the head of the principal vocalists, while the fact of Easter time being one of holiday making in the 'Hardware Village,' had also something to do with it. Those who have attended the Triennial Musical Festivals need not be reminded that the Birmingham Chorus is one of the finest in Europe, but, although the voices are the same at these society concerts, there lacks the master mind of the great conductor; and Mr. Stockley, their efficient and indefatigable trainer (who works his hardest and tries his best) must not think it any disparagement to be told that his *hâton* has not the force of Costa's, and that the vigour, precision, light and shade, which form so noteworthy a feature once in three years, are not to be found at the intermediate performances. Some allowance must, however, be made for the difference in the band, which at festival seasons, comprises the best men of the London orchestras, while at other times—well, as I cannot be complimentary, I will not be the reverse, although I might say with perfect truth that the instrumental department is susceptible of improvement. Of the artists on this occasion, Miss Banks particularly distinguished herself in the first soprano music—'Pious Orgies,' 'Oh, Liberty,' and 'From Mighty Kings,' being one and all remarkably well sung—the latter deservedly coming in for the largest share of applause. As second soprano, Mrs. Sutton (a native of these parts) displayed a really good voice which only wants proper cultivation and method to enable its possessor to attain a more prominent rank in the profession. Mdlle. Drasdil (one of the very few pure contraltos) is sensibly progressing both in her art and public estimation, and has already more than once secured the favour of a Birmingham audience. Mr. Brandon, principal bass of the Gloucester Cathedral Choir, is painstaking, but his voice is of that hard, unsympathetic quality which no amount of practice can ever make pleasing or grateful to the ear. Of Mr. Sims Reeves what can be said that has not already been repeated again and again? Time, not only the judge but usually the destroyer of all things, has done more than merely deal lightly with our great English tenor, whose voice (like old port wine or good pictures) seems to mellow with age, and while losing none of its vigour or delicacy, appears to possess a greater charm than ever. To say that he sang 'Call forth Thy Power,' 'How vain is Man,' and 'Sound an Alarm,' in a manner at once unapproached and unapproachable, is to say what the world in general and the musical world in particular already knows; and if he is in as good voice for the Wolverhampton Festival on Friday, the 'black country' will have a treat—east winds permitting."

"DRINKWATER HARD."

TORQUAY.—The following is an abridgment of an article which appeared in a recent impression of the *Torquay Directory*:—

"At a private performance of new compositions, by Mr. Charles Fowler, at his residence, Villa Mentone, three sonatas were introduced. Two of these were new—a sonata trio for voice, violin, and piano, and a sonata for piano alone. The sonata trio was performed by Miss Bailey (voice), Mr. Rice (violin), and the author (pianoforte), the words of the voice part being Milton's sonnet, 'O! Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray.' The first movement, charming and novel, created a deep impression. The solo sonata (in D major) is an elaborate composition, the first movement abounding in daring modulations, giving the impression of its having been sketched off at a sitting and afterwards worked out. The *scherzo* is, perhaps, more striking, although not more beautiful, the first part of it being somewhat in the style of those joyous movements in which Weber delighted. The trio creeps in like a dream, and flows on softly and melodiously, until checked by a passage from the *scherzo*; after which it again goes on in its quiet way, but is again checked by the *scherzo*, which seems to have made up its mind not to be silenced; but the trio at last gives in, and the movement finishes with a repetition of the *scherzo*. This sonata will live longer than its author. The third, Mr. Fowler's now celebrated 'Vocal Sonata,' was excellently performed by Miss Bailey and the composer.

DARLINGTON.—Mrs. John Macfarren has been here, giving one of her instructive and agreeable "Recitals," to which the *Darlington and Stockton Times* refers in the subjoined flattering notice:—

"It is such a treat to meet with a concert where the cultivated taste may find something to study and appreciate, and yet where the untutored fancy may discover what can charm it, that we must express gratitude to Mr. Marshall and Mr. Holzapfel for enabling us to hear Mrs. John Macfarren's concert on Thursday night. The introductory remarks on 'Musical England,' drew quite a charming picture of the good old times when 'Merrie England' gave vent to its happy heart in song. The audience were not assembled merely to hear a fine delivery of good music, but a delivery of this sort accompanied by such a loving musical criticism as none can write better than Mr. G. A. Macfarren. In the *allegro maestoso* of Mozart's sonata in A minor, one of the most delicious of that composer's studies, by her appreciative reading, Mrs. Macfarren at once established herself as an accomplished pianist. With a touch delicate, yet firm, an expression tender, yet unhesitating, there was something that showed the result of heartfelt study—the bright *imprimatur* of genius. Mendelssohn's song, 'The First Violet,' was most charmingly given by Miss Robertine Henderson. If space would permit we could have no greater pleasure than to go *seriating* through Mrs. Macfarren's programme, lighted up by the graceful reflex of her brother-in-law's criticism. Sterndale Bennett's sketches, 'The Lake,' and 'The Fountain,' were played so thoroughly well that the addition of 'The Millstream' would have been welcome. An air from *Il Barbiere*, Mrs. Macfarren's own graceful ballad, 'One Year,' Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26—in fact every item of the programme represented such 'food of love' as the poet must have imagined when he described music. We have only to add that Miss Robertine Henderson was deservedly encored in all her songs except the first, and that the audience was numerous and sympathetic."

LEEDS.—The Madrigal and Motet Society gave its last concert this season in the Victoria Hall. The programme was miscellaneous, and consisted of a madrigal and a motet, several part songs, and various solos, instrumental and vocal. The place of honour was assigned to an "Ode to Labour," composed by Dr. Spark, conductor of the society, to which had been awarded the prize offered for a composition to be performed at the opening of the Working Men's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The chorus is much improved. Meyerbeer's "Pater Noster" was well sung, and Henry Smart's part-songs, "The Curfew" and "My True Love hath my Heart," were given with delicacy and taste. Morley's madrigal, "My Bonny Lass," was also nicely sung. The solo singers were Miss Banks, whose solos were "L'Amor Suo," from *Robert Devereux*, and "Five o'Clock in the Morning," which last being encored, she sang "Within a mile o' Edinboro' toon." The amateur tenor, who has so often appeared at the organ concerts held during the assizes, sang a recitative and air from one of J. S. Bach's cantatas, and Schubert's "Ganymed." Miss Newell sang the air with chorus, "Praise the Lord," from Benedict's *St. Cecilia*. The pianoforte solos were played by Miss Midgley, who made a successful *début* before the Leeds public, and pleased so much that they redemanded each of her pieces. We do not know how these concerts have succeeded from a pecuniary point of view; but if success is to be judged by progress, the result must be satisfactory to all concerned, and

to no one more so than to the conductor.—(Abridged from the "Leeds Mercury.")

BELFAST.—Miss Arabella Smyth, who recently made so good an impression at St. George's Opera-house, in Mr. Sullivan's *Contrabandista*, sang on Easter Monday at the Monday Popular Concert, Belfast, with great success. The Ulster Hall was crowded in all parts, even the orchestra having its share of auditors. The *Northern Whig* thus refers to Miss Smyth's singing of Mr. Allen's "Goat Bells":—

"A lively little *moreau* with a good echo effect, by Mr. G. B. Allen, a musician now enjoying metropolitan honours, but who is still fondly remembered by the people of Belfast, was sung with great skill by Miss Smyth, who was encored, responding with Ardit's famous *valse*, 'Il Bacio,' which she gave brilliantly."

EDINBURGH.—On Monday afternoon, Professor Oakeley gave an Organ Recital in his class-room, Park Place, which was very numerously attended. The selection embraced compositions by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

MCMILLAN & CO.—Two Festival Hymns: "The Strain Upraise" and "The Foo Behind, the Deep Before." Set to music by John Hullah.

CEHERY (W.)—"The Eileen Waltzes," by Otto Booth.

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.—"Six Songs, with German and English Words." The English translations and music by Amy Coyne.

Advertisement.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grisi, Persiani, Lablache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or public speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

THE VOICE & SINGING

BY ADOLFO FERRARI.

(THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.)

Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent-street, W.
And may be obtained of Signor FERRARI, at his residence, 32, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

SUNG BY MR. SANTLEY.

"WAKE, MARY, WAKE,"

SONG FOR A BARTONE VOICE.

The Poetry by JOHN LATEY.

The Music by HEINRY SMART.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"QUEEN MAB,"

A SKETCH FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By CHARLES FOWLER.

Price 2s. 6d.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S

SIXTEEN GERMAN DANCE MEASURES.

EDITED AND FINGERED BY

HERMANN EISOLD T.

Two Books, price 3s. each.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTE.—These fine compositions being almost unknown, it is a high gratification to the Editor to introduce them to the English public. By the order of succession in which they are now printed, the whole can be played as a Suite.

NEW SONGS BY SIGNOR GIUSEPPE CAMPANELLA.

	s. d.
LONELINESS	3 0
LO IMPROVISATORE DEL VILLAGGIO	3 0
L'ORTOLANELLA	3 0
LA SPINAZZOLESE	3 0
L'ITALIA	3 0

London: CRAMER & CO. (Limited), 210, Regent Street, W.

A U B E R.

"LE PREMIER JOUR DE BONHEUR."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of AUBER's New Opera are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, Regent Street.

"HAMLET."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS of AMBROSE THOMAS's New Opera, "HAMLET," are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, Regent Street.

SONATA TRIO,

FOR A SOPRANO VOICE, VIOLIN, AND PIANOFORTE. Composed by CHARLES FOWLER.

A NEW TRIO as above will be published and performed in London in the course of the Season. The same author's Sonata Duo for Voice and Piano, successfully performed last season by Mdlle. Bauermeister and Mr. Fowler, is published and may be had of

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

Just Published,

SIX SONGS WITH GERMAN WORDS.

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS AND MUSIC BY

AMY COYNE.

No. 1. "FAREWELL FOR EVER" ("Farewohl auf immerdar"—E. Gelbel).

No. 2. "FIDELITY" ("Ich Bleibe treu"—C. Herlasohn).

No. 3. "PARTED" ("Scheiden, Leiden"—E. Gelbel).

No. 4. "THE REQUEST" ("Viel Tausend Tausend Küsse Gleb"—E. Gelbel).

No. 5. "THE VICTORY OF SPRING" ("Und als ich aufsland Früh am Tag"—E. Gelbel).

No. 6. "EVENING SOUNDS" ("Ich uge dich"—K. Beck).

Price, in One Book, 15s. ; or separately, 3s. 6d.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

SCHIRI'S Vocal Waltz, "IL BALLO," Valse Brillante, for Voice and Piano, composed expressly for and dedicated to Mdlle. Liebhart by F. SCHIRI, is published, price 4s., by

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

The above charming Waltz has been sung by many of the popular sopranos of the day. The *Morning Advertiser*, in a notice of the Concert given by Messrs. Rawlings' Private Band, at the Hanover Square Rooms, writes that "Miss Mario Stocken's song, 'Il Ballo,' brought out her vocal powers in grand proportion, and, receiving by her a thoughtful and harmonious interpretation, the effect, heightened as it was by her engaging manner and interesting face, was pleasing in the extreme."

Published This Day,

"BELINDA." Mazurka de Salon pour Piano par ERNEST CATALANI, price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

"SUN OF MY SOUL." Evening Hymn for Four Voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass). The words by the Rev. JOHN KESBLE, the music by A. M. BROOKFIELD, price 1s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

"ON A DAY." Song, the words by SHAKESPEARE, the music by ELLA, price 2s. 6d.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

"I SAW A BRIGHT BLUE FLOWER." Cantilène, words by WELLINGTON GURDNEY, music by ANNE MAILLANT, price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

"THINK ON ME" ("Go where the water glideth"). Song, the words by an old poet, the music by HENRY BAKER (composer of "The Stepping Stones"), price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO BE HAD OF ALL MUSICSELLERS

JUST PUBLISHED,

The Ancient Mariner,

CANTATA,

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE

Birmingham Musical Festival,

1867,

BY

JOHN F. BARNETT.

Price, in Paper Covers, 6s.; Cloth Boards, 8s.

THE FOLLOWING MAY BE HAD SEPARATE:—

The Ship was cheered	3s.
(Arranged as a Song)	
A fair breeze blew	3s.
Sung by Mdlle. TIETJENS.	
Down dropt the breeze	3s.
Sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES.	
O happy living things	3s.
Sung by Mr. SANTLEY.	
O Sleep, it is a gentle thing	3s.
Sung by Madame PATEY-WHYTOCK	
Two voices in the air (Duet)	4s.
Sung by Mdlle. TIETJENS and Mdlne. PATEY-WHYTOCK	
Swiftly flew the Ship	4s.
Sung by Mr. SANTLEY	
The Harbour Bay	3s.
Sung by Mr. SIMS REEVES	

CHORUS PARTS, Three Shillings each.

Various Arrangements and Transcriptions for the Pianoforte
are in the Press.

LONDON:

HUTCHINGS & ROMER,

9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

Specially adapted for Teaching.

J. L. BATTMANN.

Le Cor des Alpes	4 0
Fantaisie Valse. Pot Pourri	4 0

CH. NEUSTEDT.

Feuillets d'Album	each 3 0
-------------------	----------

1. Pensée. Mélodie.	4. Suzanne. Mazurka.
2. La Chanson du Camp. Caprice Militaire.	5. Chant d'Adieu. Romance sans Paroles.
3. Chant du Gondolier. Barcarolle.	6. La Belle Hongroise. Marche.

L. MICHELI.

Benita. Polka Mazurka	3 0
-----------------------	-----

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

	Solo.	Duet.
	s. d.	s. d.

The Pilgrims of the Night	3 0	
Auld Robin Gray	4 0	4 0
Huntingtower	3 0	4 0
Et Bondebyrrup (Danish)	3 0	4 0
March. Tannhäuser	3 0	4 0
Nearer, my God, to Thee	3 0	4 0
Jerusalem the Golden	3 0	4 0
Those Evening Bells	3 0	4 0

R. F. HARVEY.

Masaniello (Brilliant Fantasia)	4 0	
Fra Diavolo	4 0	

RENÉ FAVARGER.

Soldaten Lieder (Waltz) Gung'l	4 0	
Norma (Fantasia)	4 0	
Lucia di Lammermoor (Fantasia)	4 0	

THEODORE GESTEN.

Trovatore (Ah ! che la morte)	4 0	
Traviata (Fantasia)	4 0	
Tannhäuser do	4 0	

JULES EGGHARD.

La Valse des Fantômes	3 0	
Feuilles de Rose	4 0	
Loin de toi (Mélodie)	3 0	
Adieu (Mélodie)	3 0	

GUSTAVE LANGE (of Berlin).

Perles et Diamants (Valse Brillante)	4 0	
Le Papillon (Mazurka de Concert)	3 0	
Farewell (Meditation)	3 0	
La Reine de Bal (Mazurka de Concert)	4 0	
Le Retour du Soldat (Grand March)	4 0	

JOSEF GUNG'L'S CELEBRATED DANCE MUSIC.

Soldaten Lieder Waltzes	4 0	5 0
Amoretten Tanze do	4 0	5 0
Jungherren Tanze do	4 0	5 0
Fruhlingstdieder do	4 0	5 0
Abschied von Munchen Waltzes	4 0	5 0
Venus Reigen Waltzes	4 0	5 0
Blue Violets Polka Mazurka	3 0	
La Belle do do	3 0	
Garrison Ball Polka	3 0	

These waltzes as duets are eminently adapted for teaching purposes.
Complete lists of Gung'l's Dance Music sent on application to A. HAMMOND & CO., where orchestra parts to all his compositions may be obtained.

A. HAMMOND & CO., (Late JULLIEN)

5, VIGO STREET, REGENT STREET W.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

CHAPPELL'S
MUSICAL MAGAZINE,
FOR MAY,
WILL CONTAIN
BRINLEY RICHARDS'S
POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS
FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

English Melodies.

No. 1. Home, Sweet Home.
" 2. British Grenadiers.
" 3. My Lodging is on the Cold
Ground.

Irish Melodies.

No. 1. St. Patrick's Day.
" 2. Oft in the Stilly Night.
" 3. Fly not yet, and
Brown Irish Girl.

Scotch Melodies.

No. 1. Blue Bells of Scotland.
" 2. Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.
" 3. Auld Lang Syne.

LONDON:

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.
City Agents—
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., AND F. PITMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW

CHAPPELL'S
Old English Ditties.

Just Published,

PART XII. OF THIS POPULAR WORK

CONTAINING

Chevy Chase.
Death and the Lady.
Wapping Old Stairs.
Friar of Orders Grey.
Here's to the Maiden.
Can Love be controlled.

Cease your Funning.
Sweet Nelly.
John Dory.
The Countryman's Account.
All Flowers of the Broom.
Here's a health unto his Majesty.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

Lists and Catalogues on application to
CHAPPELL & CO.,
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

"EXETER HALL."

New Magazine of Sacred Music.

NO. III. FOR APRIL.

CONTENTS.

1. New Sacred Song, "He giveth His beloved sleep," by Jules Benedict. (Illustrated.)
2. Pianoforte Transcription, "Sound the Loud Timbrel," by W. Kuhe.
3. New Hymn, "Lo! the Lilies of the Field, by E. J. Hopkins, Organist of the Temple.
4. Sacred Song, "I think of Thee," by R. Redhead.
5. Sunday Evenings at the Harmonium (No. 3), by E. F. Rimbault.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. POST FREE 14 STAMPS.

METZLER & CO.,

37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

G. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Broadway, Ludgate Hill.

Now Ready,

NEW
Pianoforte Pieces

BY

CH. FONTAINE

(Composer of *The Swing Song*).

Das Blümchen (The Flow'ret) 3s.
Narcisse Valse . . . 4s.

LONDON:

METZLER & CO.,
37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES

TROISIÈME TARENTELLE.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

EVENING SHADOWS.

Reverie.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Fantasia on the Opera of Donizetti.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

SYLVAN SCENES.

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

Ready on the 25th of April,

“HANOVER SQUARE,”

FOR MAY (No. 7).

EDITED BY LINDSAY SLOPER.

CONTENTS.

EVENING REST. Berceuse - - - Sydney Smith.
LOVE, THE PILGRIM. Song - - Jacques Blumenthal.
Words by HAMILTON AIDÉ,

SPRING BREEZES. Pianoforte Piece Ignace Gibbsone.

IT IS THE GOLDEN MAY-TIME. Song - - - J. L. Hatton.
Words by B. S. MONTGOMERY.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

Now Ready,

PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS,
COMPLETE,

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN'S

NEW

COMIC OPERA,

*The
Contrabandista*

THE WORDS BY

F. C. BURNAND.

LONDON:

BOOSEY AND CO.,
28, Holles Street, W.